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LADY OF  
SHALOTT:

BY A. TENNYSON:



REFERENCE

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Lady of Shalott

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Decorated by  
Howard Pyle.







bo.

Lady. of.  
Shalott. 





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ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Copyright. 1881. by Dodd, Mead & Company.



IS:WRITTEN:OF;THE:CAS

THE:FIRST:PART:IN:WHICH:



art



THE:MURDERIN:WAS:IMBOW

WERE D:THE:FAIRY:LADY:





THE CAS

TLE


RIPTION OF

A DESCR

W. on the side,  
the river lie.  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by,  
To many-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Grazing where the lilies blow,  
Round an island there below,  
The Island of Shalott:





n either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To mang-tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The Island of Shalott.





Tho: peoplo:  
passing: tho:  
Island:



THE FAIRY: LADY OF SHALOTT:

IN THE SPACE OF FLOWERS:







DEURS: BHQ: JO

A: DESCRIPTION:

Little brookes, lush and shine  
 Thro the maine that runs for ever  
 By the island in the Ripe R.  
 Flowing down to Camelot  
 Four grey walls and four grey towers  
 One look a space of flowers  
 And the silent Isle impowres  
 The Lady of Shalott:





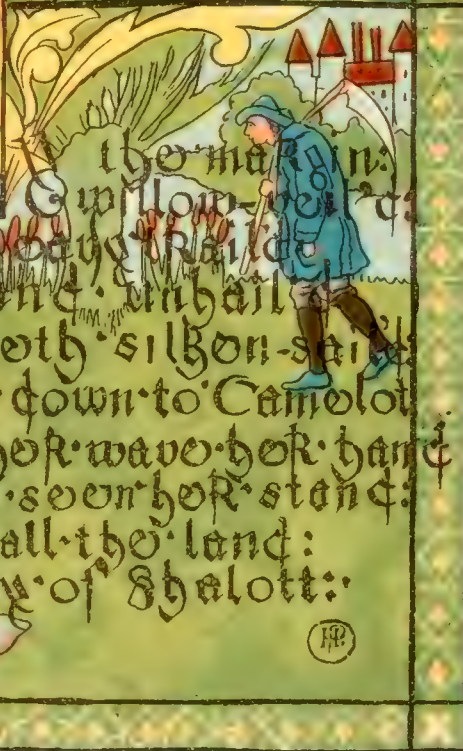
**W**illows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers,

The Lady of Shalott.





Slid the barges by the wharfe  
 By the horse's head. Unhail  
 The shallop flitteth silken sail  
 Shinning down to Camelot  
 But who hath seen her wave her hand  
 Or in the casement seen her stand  
 Or is she known in all the land  
 The Lady of Shalott:





**B**y the margin, willow-beil'd,  
Slide the heaby barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?

Or at the casement seen her stand?

Or is she known in all the land,

The Lady of Shalott?











HER. SINGING.


HOW THE REAPER SINGS



THE REAPER  
SINGING EARLY

In among the golden ear of barley  
Heard a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river-winding closely  
Down to tower Camelot  
And by the moon the reaper wears  
Pining sheaves in upland air  
Careless whispers "tis the Fair  
Lady of Shalott"



nly reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fair  
Lady of Shalott.'





THE WEARY: REAPER: BENEATH:

THE MOON: HEAR: HER: SINGING:



THESE COND PART RELAT

ING TO THE SIGHTS THAT

THE FAIRY LADY MOVE IN



PORT.



HP

TO THE MAGIC WEB



DAY BY DAY

HOW THE LADY WEAVETH



Before she weaves  
by night and day

A magic web of colors gay,  
She hath heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay,  
Go look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what that curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.





**T**here she weaves by night and day

A magic web with colors gay.

She has heard a whisper say,

A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,

And so she weaveth steadily,

And little other care hath she,

The Lady of Shalott.



★ ★  
WHAT SHE SEES:



IN THE MIRROR:

That hangs before her all the year:  
Shadows of the world appear:  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river red dy: whirls;  
And the surly village churls;  
And the red cloaks of market girls:  
Pass onward from Shalott:





**A**nd moving thro' a mirror clear

That hangs before her all the year,

Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot:

There the river eddy whirls,

And there the surly village-churls,

And the red cloaks of market girls,

Pass onward from Shalott.





An·abbot·on·an·ambling·pad·  
 Sometimes·a·curly·shenbor·lad·  
 Of·long-haired·page·fair·runson·clad·  
 Goes·by·to·tower·d·Camelot·  
 And·sometimes·tho·the·mirror·be·  
 Tho·knights·come·riding·to·and·fro·  
 She·hath·no·loyal·knight·and·true·  
 Tho·Lace·of·Shalott·



Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two :  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.





A tinher web.  
she still delights:  
For often thro' the silent nights:  
A funeral with plumes and lights:  
And music went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was over the road:  
Came two young lovers newly wed:  
"I am half sick of shadows said:  
The Lady of Shalott:"



**B**ut in her web she still delights

To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights

A funeral, with plumes and lights,

And music, went to Camelot:

Or when the moon was overhead,

Came two young lovers lately wed;

'I am half sick of shadows,' said

The Lady of Shalott.











OF THE COMI

RSE IS SPOKEN



NG OF SIR LANC

ELOT THE BOLD

IN THIS VE

bow-shot from the bower-eyes  
He rode between the barley-sheaves  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves  
And flamed upon the frozen graves:  
Of bold Sir A. Lancetot:  
A. Redcross knight for ever known  
To a lady in his shield  
That sparkled on the yellow field:  
Beside remote Shalott





**A** bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.



PEAKETH ALS



OT THE BOLD

O. OF LANCEL



Like to some bryar of stars worse:  
Hung in the golden Galax:  
The bridle bells ring merrily:  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
And from his blazoned bridle hung:  
A mighty silver bugle hung:  
And as he rode his armor rung:  
Beside him shalott.



**T**he gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.

The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot:

And from his blazon'd baldric slung

A mighty silver bugle hung,

And as he rode his armour rung,

Beside remote Shalott.





DESCRIBETH. ALSO

THE THIRD VERSE



THE COMING OF THE

THE BOLD KNIGHT



Thick-jewell'd shown the sad to long  
The helmet and the helmet feather  
Burned like one burning flame together  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
As often thro' the purple night  
Below the starry clusters bright  
Some bearded knight on palling horse  
Came over mill & shalott:





**A**ll in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burn'd like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starrg clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.



GHE·GAILAN

GHE·FOURCH·VEK·SE·DESCRIBING·

C·KNIGHT·SIR·LANCELOT·OF·C·C·



On·burnished·horses·his·war·horse·rode:  
From·underneath·his·helmet·flowed:  
his·coal-black·locks·as·on·he·rode:

As·he·rode·down·to·Camelot  
From·the·bank·and·from·the·river:  
he·flashed·into·the·crystal·mirror:  
"GIRRA·LIRRA"·by·the·river:  
Sang·Sir·Lancelot





**H**is broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
'Girra lirra,' by the river

Sang Sir Lancelot.





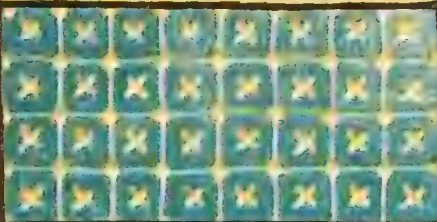




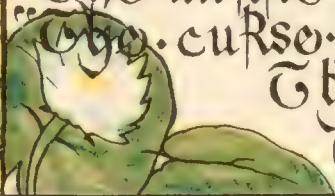


UP ON HER:

THE LADY BRINGS THE CURSE:



She made three paces thro' the room:  
She saw the water lily bloom:  
She saw the helmet and the plume:  
She looked down to Camelot:  
Out flew the web and floated wide:  
The mirror crack'd from side to side:  
"The curse has come upon me," cried  
The Lady of Shalott.





**S**he left the web, she left the loom,

She made three paces thro' the room,

She saw the water-lily bloom,

She saw the helmet and the plume,

She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;

The mirror crack'd from side to side;

'The curse is come upon me,' cried

The Lady of Shalott.







IN·WHICH·THE·FAIRY·LADY·DIE

TH·SWANLIKE·IN·SONG·:

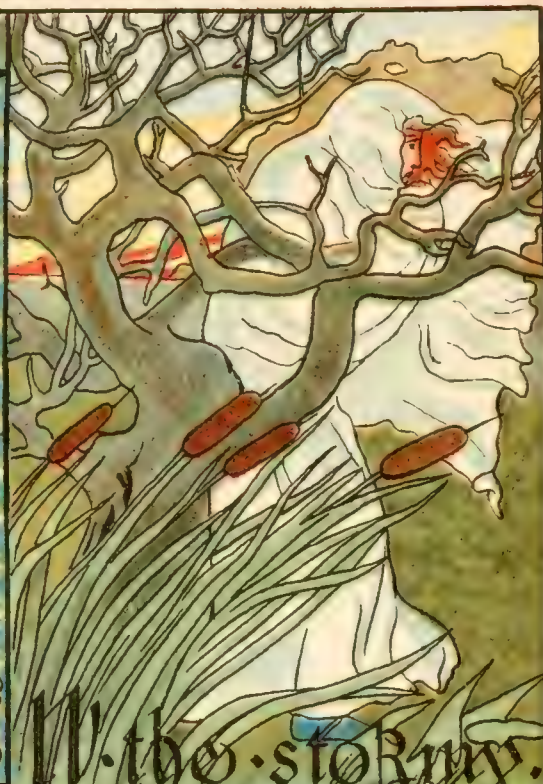
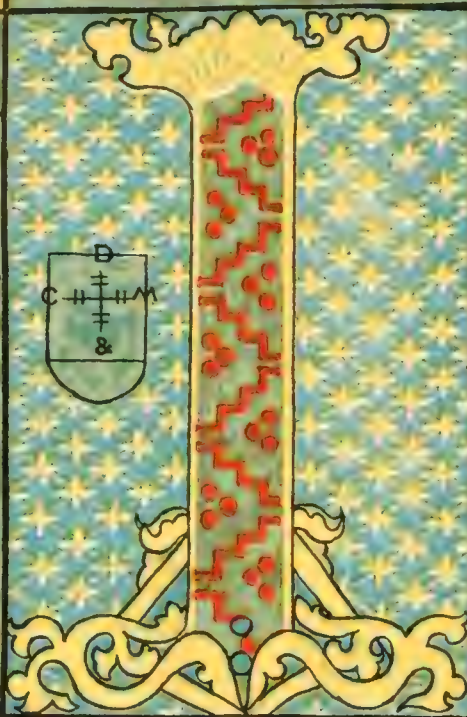


ORI  
IV



IN WHICH THE FAIRY LADY SEEKS

## THE RIVER:



W. the stormy.  
East-wind-straining.  
The pale yellow woods were wailing:  
The broad stream in his banks complaining  
heavily the low sky raining.  
Over tower'd Camelot  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat:  
And round about the prow she wrote:  
The Lady of Shalott.



**I**n the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining

Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote

The Lady of Shalott.













We down the River's  
 dim. expanse:  
 Like some bold seer in a trance  
 Seeing all his own mischance;  
 With a glassy countenance:  
 Did she look to Camelot:  
 And at the closing of the day,  
 She loosed the chain and down she lay  
 The broad stream bore her far away,  
 The Lady of Shalott.



**A**nd down the river's dim expanse

Like some bold seer in a trance,

Seeing all his own mischance—

With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day

She loosed the chain, and down she lay;

The broad stream bore her far away,

The Lady of Shalott.





King Robert:  
 In snowy white:  
 That loosely flew to left and right:  
 The leaves upon her falling light:  
 Through the noises of the night:  
 She floated down to Camelot:  
 And as the boat head wound along:  
 The willow hills and fields among:  
 They heard her singing her last song:  
 The Lady of Shalott:



**W**ho is this ? and what is here ?

And in the lighted palace near

Died the sound of rogal cheer ;

And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot :

But Lancelot mused a little space ;

He said, ' She has a lovely face ;

God in his mercy lend her grace,

The Lady of Shalott.'







**L**ying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willow hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.



THE LADY DIETHFLOETING ADOWN

THE STREAM:



**F**

Chanted & loudly & chanted & lowly:  
Gill her blood was s. Rozen slowly:  
And her eyes were dar bend wholly:  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot:  
For ere she reach'd upon the tide:  
The first house by the water side:  
Singing in her song she died:  
The Lady of Shalott:



EAR a carol.  
mournful. holy:





**H**ear'd a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,

Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reached upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,

The Lady of Shalott.



THE DEAD LADY FLOATE TH DOWN YE



STREAM TOWARD CAMELOT:







U

By garden-wall and gallery:  
 A gleaming shape she floated by,  
 A corse between the houses high  
 Silent into Camelot:  
 Out upon the wharfs they came:  
 Knight and burgher lord and dame:  
 And round the prow they read her name:  
 The Lady of Shalott:





**U**nder tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
The Lady of Shalott.













And in the lighted palace near:  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they crossed themselves for fear:  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy, send her grace:  
The Lady of Shalott!"























